

LEAP YEAR BRIDE

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
(Copyright 1932)

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Cherry dropped her fare into the box as the street car lurched forward. There was a vacant seat half-way down the car and she made her way toward it. Twice the car jolted and almost flung her into the laps of other passengers. She reached the seat and sank into it.

It was 11 o'clock of a bright September morning. Cherry had shopping to do down town. The yellow house dress, the making of which had caused her so much anxiety, had turned out well. Dixie Shannon had seen the dress and liked it. Now Cherry was on her way down town to buy more material. She was to make another dress for herself and one for Dixie who had agreed to pay \$1.50 over the cost of the material for the making.

"It will give me something to do evenings," Cherry had said when she had agreed to Dixie's request. "I'll get yellow for you, too. The same shade as mine or as near like it as I can find."

The shopping was to be done in the basement of Sherman's Department store. Dixie had directed Cherry to that emporium and she had found there a wealth of bargains. Soaks for Dan that would have cost 20 cents more anywhere else. Yard goods. Household equipment. The potted foliage plant that looked so well on the window sill.

Going to Sherman's was a pleasant adventure. Cherry leaned back in her seat and looked out at the street. She had no need to hurry today. The apartment had been left in apple pie order. It would be fun to window-shop after she had made her purchases and have a look at the new fall styles.

Cherry was wearing a white linen dress and her Panama hat. She noticed that the two women who sat in front of her wore hats of felt.

"I suppose it's time for them," the girl thought, "but somehow I can't realize the summer's over."

Idly she glanced about the car. There were four straw hats and nine of felt. Yes, autumn had certainly arrived. Cherry decided to get out her old brown felt for her next trip down town.

She left the street car and walked the two blocks to Sherman's. The entrance to the large building was awarming with customers and inside the store even more crowded. Cherry saw huge placards that read, "Anniversary Sale," and "Sherman's for Service."

The crowd about the yard goods

counters was larger than Cherry had ever seen but she did not mind. She had plenty of time to linger until her turn to be waited upon.

"Three yards of this yellow," she told the clerk, "and three yards of the pink and white."

The pink and white pattern was very attractive. Cherry thought Dan would like to see her wearing it. She bought thread and some buttons and braid. Instead of taking the elevator she walked to the ground floor.

"And now for the shop windows!" she thought eagerly as she elbowed her way to the street.

There was little to be seen behind the plate glass that fronted Sherman's. Bargains left over from summer and a display of window draperies. Cherry turned and made her way toward Chestnut street. Here was Madeline's exclusive establishment, Sanley's and Logan's—both department stores—and several specialty shops that sought their clients from Wellington's wealthiest families. As Cherry had expected there were fall dresses, winter coats and hats on display in those shop windows. The colors were rich browns, reds and greens with here and there a lustrous blue. They were beautiful costumes made of expensive materials and artfully designed.

"But I don't know why I'm looking at them," the girl thought a trifle wistfully. "Of course I can't afford to buy anything here this fall."

She was standing in front of Madeline's shop admiring a small brown hat when she heard someone call her name. Instantly Cherry recognized that voice.

"Oh, Miss Vail!" she said as she turned. "How do you do?"

Brenda Vail's voice rose in its fluttering way. "What a coincidence! You know I've been thinking of you this morning. Wondering why Dan hadn't brought you to see me again. Now that we've met you simply must have lunch with me."

Cherry tried to decline. She was not quick enough to invent a plausible excuse and the other was insistent.

"We'll go to Stanley's tearoom," she said. "It's quiet there and it seems to be the only place in Wellington where a pot of tea is made properly."

Cherry found herself stepping into an elevator and then emerging into the department store tearoom. Certainly it was quiet here. The floor was covered with soft, dark green carpet. There were buff walls, an attractive background for the Italian furnishings and the tables were gay with bright hued garden flowers. The waitresses, in their trim green and buff uniforms, added a pleasant note of color.

For a few moments Cherry thought with alarm that she might encounter some of her former acquaintances. She surveyed the room hastily, recognized no one.

A slender girl in black led them to a table near a window. Cherry sat down, facing her companion. Miss Vail looked quite different in street

clothes than when Cherry had seen her before. She was dressed in black and white. The closely wrapped black turban showed only an edge of the brilliant tulle hair. It seemed to bring out the irregularities of her features. Cherry noticed for the first time that Miss Vail's nose was too large. There were tiny lines suggesting age at the corners of her eyes and the same minute markings on her forehead. Daylight and the startling contrast of the black and white costume were not kind to that face.

Apparently Miss Vail was unaware of this. She consulted Cherry about the order, repeated it to the waitress with several sharp comments and then turned her attention again to Cherry.

"And why haven't you come to see me?" she demanded.

Cherry hesitated. She had suddenly become conscious of her worn linen frock and old hat. "I—why I thought you were busy working," she began.

Miss Vail shrugged. "I suppose if you're not interested in creative work you would find it boring. Of course I can't really understand that point of view for to me my work is my life. Still we must have some other interests in common and I was anxious that we should be friends."

She paused as though searching for an "interest" that might be suited to Cherry's mentality.

"Do you like crossword puzzles?" she went on brightly. "I've found them quite interesting. You know at some of the smartest parties in New York they've been going in for simple games."

Cherry replied that she had not looked at a crossword puzzle for several years.

"But how do you spend your time?" the other persisted.

"I cook," the girl said firmly, "and wash dishes and sweep and dust. When I've finished all that there's always mending or sewing or the marketing to do."

"The little housewife!" Brenda Vail gushed. "But I might have known. Of course you're the domestic type. Men of Dan's talent and ability are so often attracted by girls who have led a quiet home life. And it's so easy to understand! Dan is such a brilliant fellow. He has a real future and I know you're not going to stand in the way."

"Stand in the way?" Cherry repeated. "Why, what do you mean?"

Miss Vail said soothingly. "Only that of course he'll want to branch out—broaden his horizons—meet other creative artists and—well, in short, learn to express himself. He doesn't want to worry your pretty little head about it. Dan has temperament and it would never do to stifle it!"

"I guess I don't understand much about temperament," Cherry said. "I don't think Dan's being stifled. Of course I know he's anxious to go to New York."

"He must. Oh, yes, it's the place for him."

Cherry raised troubled eyes. "I hope you won't encourage him too much about going away," she said. "If it's what he needs of course he'll have to go. But he's been getting along pretty well here. I don't see how we could manage to leave very soon."

Miss Vail dismissed these objections with a wave. "Nothing is impossible when it's a question of art," she said. "Nothing!"

Cherry had finished her ice. "I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Vail," she said. "I didn't notice how late it's growing."

"Oh, but you're not going?"

"Yes, I really must," Cherry arose. "Thank you so much for the luncheon."

Brenda Vail's smile was guileless. "It's been a pleasure. But I'm not going to be satisfied unless I see more of you soon. Drop in any time."

Cherry's answer was mumbled. She turned and hurried away, assuring herself that if she had stayed another moment her anger would have gotten the best of her.

"I don't care how smart Brenda

THE TINNITES



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

POOR DUNCY! How the lad did run. He didn't think it any fun to be chased by a real mad cat, while all the others smiled. Wee Duncy shouted, "Climb a tree, and you'll be safe as safe can be. Get out of your own trouble, 'cause you made a tame cat wild."

But Duncy just ran 'round and 'round. The small cat trailed him o'er the ground until the too man loudly yelled, "Come, kitty! Come back here."

"A real nice bowl of milk you'll find, and all of us will be real glad. Don't act wild any longer, 'cause there's not a thing to fear."

THE small cat stopped and slipped and rolled and then it did as it was told. It rubbed against the zoo man's leg and waved its tail around as if to say, "Thank you very much. Now, that's just great and, kitty, you won't have to wait to get your milk. And then he put the milk upon the ground."

Wee Duncy, in the meantime, Vail!" she stormed to herself. "I don't care if she does write stories and sell them to magazines! She doesn't have to talk to me as though I don't know a thing and she doesn't have to tell me how brilliant Dan is and wink at me for his good. I guess I know Dan as well as she does!"

Throughout the trip home Cherry's rage continued. It was not until she had reached the apartment, had dropped her packages and her hat to sit down and think things over calmly that the angry mood subsided.

She reminded herself of the night drive only the week before and how ashamed she had been of her earlier jealousy.

"I won't be jealous!" Cherry told herself staunchly. "I won't!"

Consequently when two nights later Dan told her Brenda Vail had invited them to a little dinner party Cherry begged off on grounds of a headache. She urged Dan so sweetly to go without her that he agreed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AUTOS AND STUDENTS
GRANDVILLE, O., Sept. 27 (A)—The automobile as an aid to education has friends in the faculty of Denison university here.

Statistics of the college showed today that men students who drove cars on the campus last year made grades 26 per cent higher than the average of students who walked.

The line, bulwark of Indiana university's football strength in recent seasons, will have nine returning veterans and four promising sophomores this fall.

came right up and said, "It was to blame. I'll never tease a little cat again. It isn't fair."

And then he added, "I'm tired out from racing wildly all about. The cat seemed very mad. That's why it gave me such a scare."

ALL of a sudden Coppy said, "Gee, I would like some milk and bread. That bowl of milk has made me thirsty. Could we have a bit?"

The zoo man answered, "Sure you can!" He then brought forth a great big pan and lots of bread. The Tinnites ate till they were feeling fit.

"Oh, gee," said one, "How good it is. The cat still is enjoying his. And look! A lot of other cats are coming for their share. It was a funny sight to see the kittens, busy as could be, all drinking milk until there wasn't any more milk there."

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(Duncy frees a lot of strange animals in the next story.)

12,055,187 IN TRADING AREA OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Sept. 27 (A)—A population of 12,055,187 in the trading area of New York City, including the five city boroughs and 23 New York and New Jersey suburban counties within a radius of 60 miles, was reported today by the Merchants association of New York after a study made in co-operation with the Publishers association of the city.

The purpose of the survey was to eliminate confusion on this subject and give businessmen authentic information for the solution of their merchandising and distribution problems.

WINSTON CHURCHILL ILL.
LONDON, Sept. 27 (A)—Winston Churchill, recently reported convalescing from an illness contracted during a trip abroad, had a relapse today and was taken from his home to a hospital.

BAMA AGAIN TO DISPLAY 133-POUND QUARTERBACK
TUSCALOOSA, Ala., (A)—"Bat" Belk, midjet quarterback, is again the lightest man on the Alabama football squad.

Tipping the scales at 132, Belk is five feet two, but rugged and tough. Blocking and tackling the big boys does not bother him in the least. His motto is "the bigger they are the harder they fall."

At New Haven, Conn., where he lives, the diminutive quarterback is J. L. Belk Jr. He is 22 years old and a senior.

CHARITY GIFT TO MARK HINDENBURG'S BIRTHDAY
BERLIN (A)—An appeal to strengthen the Hindenburg fund for the relief of war victims has been launched with the object of giving the aged president a pleasant surprise on Oct. 2, his 85th birthday.

The fund was started on the president's 80th birthday with about \$2,000,000. Beneficiaries are aged veterans, war-maimed and their dependents, and other deserving cases.

The appeal to "Help Hindenburg to help others" was signed by Carl Duisenberg, Franz von Mendelssohn and other members of the fund's board.

HENRY VIII TRYST NOW HOTEL
LONDON (A)—Wickham Court, where Henry VIII courted Anne Boleyn, is being converted into a residential hotel. The family of Sir Stephen Leinard has lived there for 400 years.

Birmingham, Ala., has been awarded the Southern A. A. U. swimming championships for 1933.

New Fall Stetson Hats

\$5.00

Trotter's QUALITY CLOTHES SHOP

THE STREET FASHION SHOP

CLASSIFIED ADS

(Count five average words to the line.)
Per line, 1st insertion.....10c
Per line, each added consecutive insertion.....7c
Minimum charge on one order.....25c

RATES BY MONTH
2 lines, per month.....\$2.50
3 lines, per month.....\$3.50
4 lines, per month.....\$4.50
5 lines, per month.....\$5.50
Each additional line over five charged at 50c per line per month.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—Field run potatoes, 75c sack delivered. Ph. 581 J. 9-27-3 tp.
FOR SALE—3 yr. old Guernsey cow, fresh. Mrs. Evans, 1/2 mi. N. E. Stange's mill. 9-27-1 tp.

SPUDS—25c, 75c and \$1 per sack. 10c extra for delivery. Routh McKennon. 9-27-2 f.

FOR SALE—Cabbage, pumpkins, squash. J. F. Steinbeck, 188 R. 9-26-3 t.

FOR SALE—1929 Whippet sedan in excellent mech. condition. Karl Keen trunk in rear. Driven only 14,000 miles. Priced at \$225. Can be seen at 2212 Cedar St. 9-24-6 tp.

COMPULSED—\$430 total price. 2114-3rd St. Lot 75x135, 8 rm. house. Look at this and wire A. DeRiso, 1411 High St. Oakland, Cal. 9-24-2 t.

FOR RENT
STRICTLY MOD. 6-rm. bungalow. Inq. 1405 N. Ave. or Ph. 434 J. 9-26-2 f.

5-RM. furn. house, garage, 1906 Oak St. Ph. 438-J. 9-15-2 f.

MODERN house, remodeled and plastered. Come and see it. 1403 W. Ave. Geo. Chapman. Phone 264-R. 9-8-4 f.

MISCELLANEOUS
DOWELL BROS. CLEAN-UP—We will clean up your sales, papers, etc. Phone 528-J. 9-8-4 f.

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits. I. O. O. F. temple. 417-J. 9-8-1 m.

LA GRANDE MATRONS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works Ph. 494-W. Chas. Edwards Prop. 12-1-1 m.

AUTOMOBILES
FORD CABRIOLET, excellent condition. Looks like new, \$225. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 4th & Adams Phone Main 509. 4th & Adams 9-16-2 f.

LOST
LOST—Large black fur neck piece. Probably near Sacajawea hotel on Adams Ave. Please leave at Trotter's men's store and receive reward. 9-24-3 tp.

FOUND
FOUND—Watch on streets of La Grande. Owner may have same by identifying and paying for ad. Ph. 903 W. 9-27-1 tp.

BLACK KID GLOVES at Sac. ball-room Fri. Call Observer. 9-26-3 t.

Horse Wins; Owner Drops Dead
SAN LUIS, Argentina. (A)—Felix Nievas' horse ran what appeared from the stands to be a dead heat in the Sunday afternoon races at the municipal hippodrome. But the judges decided Nievas' horse had won and turned to congratulate the excited owner. He had dropped dead.

Professional Directory Hospitals

DR. LEE B. BOUYE
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital
2nd floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 16.

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop)

Great News!

SO YOU SEE, THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT, MR. FINNEGAN, BUT THAT YOUR GREAT-AUNT BRIDGET IS ONE AND THE SAME BRIDGET FINNEGAN WHOSE HEIRS I REPRESENT

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO POINT THAT WAY, MR. SCROD

IF THIS PROVES TRUE, YOUR NEICE GLADYS IS TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR SHE WILL FALL HEIR TO A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE

OH, CHICK, MR. SCROD TOLD UNCLE MIKE THAT AUNT BRIDGET LEFT ME A FORTUNE—UNCLE JUST PHONED

WE ARE RICH!!

YEAH BABY!

WOOD COWAN

Oregon Motor Transportation Act Is Upheld

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 27 (A)—An opinion handed down Monday by Federal Judge McNary and the affirmed the constitutionality of the Oregon motor transportation act. The opinion was written in the case of the Consolidated Freight Lines against C. M. Thomas, public utilities commissioner, J. H. Van Winkle, attorney general, and Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state, over the one mill per ton-mile tax.

The plaintiff alleged the act violated the 14th amendment.

The court held the tax was not a tax upon property but a charge for privileges. Judge McNary, who wrote the opinion, said that "as to whether the charges of 1 mill is confiscatory, the state in the exercise of its police power may exact reasonable payment for the use of its highways and the amount of the charge and the method of collection are left to the state."

FLORIDA GIRL BACK HOME FOR WINTER GOLF EVENTS

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. (A)—Back home from the summer golf tournaments, Mary Rogers has gone into training for the winter season. Bent on tucking some of the women's titles under her belt.

Miss Rogers broke into prominence last winter when she played to several Florida tournaments and continued her conquest into the Carolinas during the spring and early summer.

She is practicing daily now for the Florida women's tournaments that will begin in October.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Fast Work!

CHASED BY A STRANGE PLANE, RILEY AND FRECKLES FEEL SURE THEY ARE INTENDED VICTIMS OF AN AIR HOLD-UP... RILEY GIVES HER THE GAS!!

NO USE! HE HAS MORE SPEED THAN I HAVE... LOOK AT HIM COME!!

HE'S AFTER THE DIAMONDS, ALL RIGHT... NOW WHAT?

WE'LL JUST WAIT AND SEE HOW HE'S GOING ABOUT THIS STUNT OF HIS...

LOOK! HE'S GUTTING OFF HIS MOTOR AND HE HAS A MEGAPHONE IN HIS HAND!!

GO DOWN AT ONCE OR I'LL CRASH YOU!!

AND THEN HIS ENGINE ROARED OUT AGAIN, THE NOSE TILTED DOWNWARDS... AND THE PLANE ZIPPED AWAY LIKE A SILVER STREAK.....

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